THE BARD'S LEGACY.

When in death I shall calm recline,
O bear my heart to my mistress dear;
Tell her it liv'd upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here.
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow,
To sully a heart so brilliant and light,
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
To bathe the relic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient hall,
Hang it up at that friendly door,
Where weary travellers love to call.
Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revel, when I'm at rest,
Never, oh! never its balm bestowing,
On lips that beauty hath seldom blest.
But when some warm, devoted lover,
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
Then, then my spirit around shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for him.

THE LOVER'S WISH.

Peace be around thee, wherever thou rov'st;
May life be for thee one summer's day;
And all that thou wishest, and all that thou lov'st,
Come smiling around thy sunny way!
If sorrow e'er this calm should break,
May ev'n thy tears pass off so lightly,
Like spring-showers—they'll only make
The smiles that follow shine more brightly.

May Time, who sheds his blight o'er all,
And daily dooms some joy to death,
O'er thee let years so gently fall,
They shall not crush one flower beneath.
As half in shade and half in sun,
This world along its path advances,
May that side the sun's upon,
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances.

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TC. BOYD
228 MONTGOMERY
SAN FRANCISCO

THE BARD'S LEGACY.

When in death I shall calm recline,
O bear my heart to my mistress dear;
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine
Of the purest ray, while it lingerd here.
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow,
To sully a heart so brilliant and light,
But bathe in drops of the red grape borrow,
To bathe the relic from mora till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient hall,
Hang it up at that friendly door,
Where weary travellers love to call.
Then if some hard, who roams forsaken,
Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Keep this cup, which I know o'ersflowing,
To grace your revel, when I am at rest,
Never, oh! never its balm bestowing
On lips that beauty hath seldom blest.
But when some warm, devoted lover,
To her the nectar shall bear in its brim,
Then, then my spirit around shall hover,
And hallow each drop that flows for him.

THE LOVER'S WISH.

Peace be around thee, wherever thou art!
May life be for thee one sunshine day;
And all that thou wishest, and all that thou lov'st,
Come smiling around thy happy way!
If ever (for this is a world of sorrow)
May ev'n thy pleasures cause sighs to fly,
Like spring-showers, they'll only make
The smiles that follow more cheerfully.

May Time, who steals the delight o'er all,
And daily drains some joy in death,
O'er thee let years so gently fall,
They shall not crush one flow'r beneath.
As bell in shade and bell in sun,
This world shall ring thy death-day,
May that day be the merriest one
In all that e'er shall mark thy way!

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